Reflections Beside the Ocean

We are not strangers, but currents in the same ocean.

From the beginning, every story, every breath, has come from the same wellspring.

The walls between us are made of mist — and with one breath, they vanish.

To harm another is to wound your own reflection; to heal another is to heal yourself.

This is not doctrine. It is remembering.

Carry this truth in your quiet moments, and watch the world soften in its presence.